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Wreck of the bark Julia Ann,

On a reef enclosing the Scilly Isles, on the night of October 3d, 1855, with a loss of five lives.

We clip the following narrative of suffering, from the *San-Francisco Herald*, written by a Lady passenger of the ill-fated bark.

The bark Julia Ann, of San-Francisco, Capt. Pond, master, sailed from Sidney, New South Wales, on the 7th of Sept., 1855. Having been 27 days at sea, on the morning of the 3d of October, the Captain being aware of the vicinity of the land, ordered a good look-out to be kept by the officers and crew of the ship, as there are many reefs and rocks in the Pacific Ocean very vaguely, and in some cases incorrectly, laid down in the charts. The Captain further observed that he always felt uneasy when in the vicinity of any of those reefs, through the imperfect manner they are described, and, therefore, he remained on deck the whole of the day, and until eight o'clock in the evening, when the watch was taken by Mr.

Coffin, the chief officer, an old and experienced seaman, who formerly commanded several vessels for himself and others. The ship was sailing at the rate of eleven miles an hour; the night was dark, neither moon or stars visible, when suddenly the chief officer called out to the man at the wheel, "Hard down your helm," and in an instant after the ship struck on a reef, from which she rebounded, and afterwards we could hear her bottom grate harshly on the rocks. The Captain, on her first striking, rushed on deck, but before he could reach it the ship was completely fast on the reef. Immediately a scene of indescribable confusion followed: the steerage passengers rushed into the cabin—mothers holding their undressed children in their arms, as they snatched them from their slumbers, screaming and lamenting—when their fears were in some measure allayed by a sailor who came to the cabin for a light, and who told them that, although the ship would be lost, their lives would be saved, as we were close to the reef. The Captain, in the meantime, had ordered the masts to be cut away—his chief desire seemed to

be to save the lives of the passengers and crew. I managed to reach the deck, and wedged myself between the bitt-heads, clinging to the iron railing. I looked over the ship's side, but could see nothing but the breakers, which struck the ship with tremendous force. The rudder was broken, and the spanker-boom, swinging to and fro, struck me severely on the head, while at the same time I narrowly escaped being swept overboard by a huge wave. I looked on death as certain, but I resolved to meet it bravely, and I returned to my stateroom to devote the remaining moments of my life in thinking of friends whom I loved, and that I should never see more.

When I reached the cabin, the scene that presented itself to my view shall never be erased from my memory. Mothers screaming, and children clinging to them in terror and in dread; the furniture was torn from its lashings and all upturned; the ship was laying on her beam-ends; the starboard side of her was opening, and the waves washing in and out of the cabin, when we were informed that a rope had been conveyed to the reef by a sailor, who had fastened one end of it to a rock, while the other end was secured to the ship. The captain and officers had great difficulty in persuading the greater number of the ladies to benefit by this plan for our deliverance; as for myself, I considered to remain on the ship was sure death, and I might save my life by trying to reach the reef by means of the rope. I therefore bade my fellow-passengers farewell, and reached the deck by swinging myself there with a rope, the steps being gone. In the meantime our only remaining boat was washed away, (the other had been swept away previously.) Mr. Owens, the second mate, and two of the sailors, threw themselves overboard, and, at the imminent risk of their lives, succeeded in recovering the boat, although it was greatly damaged by being washed against the rocks. I was assisted over the side of the ship by some of the crew, and directed how to haul on by the rope, when, after considerable difficulty, I reached

the reef, my clothes torn in shreds and my person bruised and mangled. But I was fortunate in escaping even in that plight. One poor woman refused to escape from the ship by means of the rope, as she could not carry her children with her; at the same time her husband, finding his persuasions of no avail, left her and his children; but the Almighty was good enough to watch over her, and she and her children were saved, with one exception, when the ship separated.

The Captain, finding that no more passengers would venture on the rope to land, left the vessel, leaving nineteen passengers on the ship—parents and children, who preferred death sooner than separation from each other. The rope, after the Captain escaped by it, broke, and it was found impossible to reach the ship to reeve another, until the vessel began to break up. The part of her in which the cargo was, consisting of three hundred and fifty tons of coal, immediately sunk, whilst the poop, on which the passengers were clinging, was thrown on the reef, and through the goodness of Providence, fourteen out of the nineteen were saved, and the five who perished consisted of two women, two girls of the respective ages of twelve and fourteen years, and a child belonging to one of the women above mentioned, who refused to leave her children. When I look back and think of the perilous position in which we were placed when the ship first struck, the night being so dark, the sea so rough, the reef so narrow, and the confusion arising from the screams of women and children, I cannot help but return thanks to him that rules on sea and land, for his mercy and kindness to me and others, in first rescuing us from a watery grave, and afterwards sustaining us through that night of horrors. Imagine our situation, immersed in water above our knees, standing on a sharp reef, with the tempest howling above us, the sea washing and roaring like a lion for his prey at our feet, cold, naked and dispirited, with women lamenting, children crying, and none of us cer-

tain but the next moment would be our last, and then you can form some estimate of our suffering during that night. But next to God, our thanks are due to Captain Pond, his officers and crew, for their noble exertions in our behalf. They fearlessly risked their lives in endeavoring to do all in their power to save the passengers. For one moment neither the Captain or his officers ever lost their presence of mind. Had they done so, the loss of life would have been great; but the Captain, who had a large sum of gold belonging to himself on board the ship, with a noble and generous feeling, never for one moment attempted to save it, but wholly and solely devoted himself to the task of endeavoring to save the lives of his passengers and crew. Although he is a loser on this earth by such noble and disinterested conduct, it is to be hoped he will get his reward hereafter. The remainder of the night passed away amidst the wailings of a mother for her child, and a child for its mother, who were then drowned. The ship's bell could also be heard, tolled by the motion of the waves, as if it was our funeral dirge. But at length the daylight appeared, and it added another pang to our misery when we could see no land—we seemed, and in fact were, standing in the midst of the ocean, with only ground enough to place our feet. At length some of the crew saw land at a distance of about ten miles, and they commenced patching the boat with things saved from the wreck. As soon as they repaired the boat, the Captain and some of the crew started to survey the islands: they assured us they would return as soon as possible. We remained in the water all that day, keeping as close as possible to prevent the sharks from attacking us, as there were a great many of them swimming about close to us. We had nothing to eat all the day, and truly we presented a miserable group: almost naked, our faces bloated, and our lips swollen to an unusual size. About 4 P. M. the boat returned, when the Captain gave orders to take the women and children away to the island, where, as he informed us, no-

thing that was eatable grew, but that he thought water could be obtained by digging. We reached the island and spent another wretched night, laying on the bare rocks of which it was composed. On the evening of the next day we were joined by the remainder of the passengers and crew, who informed us they had to stand up to their middle in water during the previous night, the water on the reef had reached so high. They brought some damaged provisions with them that was saved from the wreck. We procured a fire after the Indian manner, by rubbing *barro* together, and roasted some shell-fish we found on the island. After the fifth day from the wreck, we procured water by digging in the sand close to the beach. The first week of our residence on the island we subsisted on crabs; after that time we caught turtle that come to the islands during a certain season of the year, and remain there about two months. We had no bread or vegetables. On another island about fifteen miles from us, there grew about twenty cocoa nut trees, but on account of the distance they were from us, it was seldom we got any of the cocoa nuts. The islands we were on were encircled by a reef; there was also another reef to cross in going from one to another island. But our first care was to repair the boat, and try to make her capable to carry some one to the nearest land where we could get help. In five weeks the boat was repaired, but by that time there was no wind to carry her to the Society Islands. The nearest group, the Navigators, were 1800 miles distant. About ten days after the boat was repaired, a calm day came; we resolved to carry the boat across the reef to the sea, which object we carried into effect after great difficulty. All of the crew and passengers that could lift any, assisted in carrying the boat. Nothing could exceed our joy when we saw the boat launched in the clear, open sea, with no reef or rock to impede its progress. And we invoked God's blessing on the Captain and the nine brave men who accompanied him, who boldly risked their lives in an open, crazy

boat, to cross an open ocean to endeavour to bring us succor and relief. As we watched the boat recede from the land, over the wide and boundless sea, there was not one amongst us but was aware that on that boat safely reaching some hospitable or civilized land, depended our very existence.

We passed a fortnight after the departure of the boat in a state of anxious suspense, thinking continually of the success of our companions, when on the fifteenth morning we saw a sail off the Island, and soon we could make it out to be a schooner. It lay off and on the whole of that day and night, and on the next day she came close to the land, and to our inexpressible joy, we saw a boat put off from her and come towards us. Our eyes could see as the boat drew closer, our own good, brave Captain Pond, who had brought the Emma Packer. So the schooner was chartered to remove us from our miserable habitation.

I must now give you an account of the progress of the Captain and men in the boat after leaving us to procure assistance. I give it to you as described by the Captain and men. In four days and nights they reached the Islands of Bolo Bolo, one of the group of Society Islands; they had to row the whole of the way, day and night, as it was fortunately a dead calm. When they arrived there and told their story, the King of the Island did not believe them, but thought that they were either pirates or runaway seamen, and was consulting with his people the propriety of arresting and confining them, when, fortunately, a Mr. Barffe, the son of the Missionary at Huahine, arrived, and who being acquainted with Captain Pond, certified to their being neither pirates nor runaways. On receipt of this intelligence, the conduct of the Islanders instantly changed towards them; they treated them in the most kind and hospitable manner while they remained, and also sent one of their boats to our assistance; but Captain Pond, who went to Huahine, hearing of a schooner being there, reached us first with the Emma Packer, Capt Latham, who on hearing of our condition, immediately started to our assistance, bringing some na-

tives with them to carry us through the surf, and who arrived before the Bolo Bolo boat. We were first taken to Kuhuni, and were kindly treated by both the King and by the Missionaries, with whom I resided for a week; at the end of that time we went to Tahiti in the Emma Packer, the Captain of which vessel kindly and generously carried us there, not knowing if he would receive any reward for so doing. On our arrival there, and on application to Capt. Kelly, the U. S. Consul, for assistance, he informed us that the law would only allow him to assist the officers and crew with maintenance; as for the passengers, any of them who were American citizens he only supplied with clothing, as the law allowed—leaving them to be maintained by the charity of the fraternity of Freemasons, who kindly provided them with board and lodging. As for myself, a Mr. Clark and a Mr. King gave me a home while I remained at Tahiti, and who treated me with great kindness. I remained there about a month, when the American ship Lucas called at the Island, and on my requesting a passage to San Francisco by her, to where she was bound, her commander, Captain John C. Daggett, immediately gave me a passage in the first cabin, and also gave the same to Mr. Coffin, the chief mate of the Julia Ann; and during our passage from Tahiti to San Francisco we were treated in the most kind and benevolent manner by Captain Daggett, who did all that laid in his power to make us as comfortable as possible, without fee or reward, as we could not make him any recompense, being destitute of money or goods.

I cannot close this letter without returning my most sincere thanks and well wishes for Capt. Pond's success through the remainder of his life, not only for his great endeavours to save life during the wreck of the Julia Ann, but for one noble act of his during that sad affair: whilst the crew were engaged in getting the passengers ashore, Mr. Owens, the second mate, was going to carry a bag containing eight thousand dollar belonging to the Capt., ashore. The Capt.

ordered him to leave the money and carry a girl ashore instead; he did so, the child was saved, but the money lost. It is to be hoped that such conduct will be rewarded hereafter.

I have now given you a detail of the principal facts of the wreck, thinking it may remove any doubts that might arise in the minds of any of your readers as to the cause of the loss of the ship, I have troubled you with this statement of all that occurred, and for which I am ready to vouch the truth.

Your obedient servant,

ESTHER M. SPANGENBERG.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

NEW LONDON, }
May 10th, 1856, }

MESSRS. EDITORS:

When I called at your office in New York, a few days ago, you requested me to give you a history of my last whaling voyage. I have no desire to publish to the world my own views, or opinions, to gain thereby any praise or honor, but believing that you made the request on account of the interest which you feel in the moral and spiritual welfare of seamen, I am willing to comply with your wishes.

I sailed from New London, June 5th, 1854, in the barque Ripple, our crew numbering 24, including officers. On the first Sabbath out, believing it to be the duty of all christians, according to their ability and opportunity, to obey the command of Christ, "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," I commenced Divine worship in the cabin at 8 A.M., and 4 P. M., arranging the hours so as not to interfere with the necessary duty of the ship. An invitation was given to the ship's company to attend the service, and with scarcely an exception they all complied. I explained to them my views, as to the proper regard of the Sabbath, on a whaling voyage; and endeavoured to convince them that the faithful observance of a day of rest at sea would not interfere at all with the success usually attendant upon a whaling voyage. We made no sail on the Sabbath, while

on the whaling ground, and it was my endeavor to have only such duty performed as was absolutely necessary.

We commenced our whaling at Goughs Island in August.

On the 3d day of September another ship came to the island: it was a pleasant Sabbath, and whales being in sight, this ship lowered her boats and caught one. My crew who had witnessed the operation began to murmur, but made no open complaints. I reasoned with them, that nothing in the end would be lost by steady obedience to the Fourth Commandment, and desired them to notice the result at the close of the week. On Monday we caught a whale, and another on Tuesday, and when we left the Island for Saint Helena, we had taken just twice as many whales as the other ship.

We arrived at St. Helena Sept. 29th 1854, and landed the oil we had procured. We were in port two Sabbaths, and the religious services were held regularly. The United States Consul, G. W. Kimball, Esq., a true friend of Christ, and of seamen, was present on one occasion, expressed deep interest in the exercises, and made some remarks to the crew. Wm. Carroll, Esq., accompanied him on board.

We left St. Helena, October 12th, and took the whaling season of that fall and winter around the island of Tristan d'Acunha. We still observed the fourth commandment and left the ground with all our casks full of oil, Jan. 5th for Rio Janeiro.

I arrived at Rio Janeiro Jan. 26th, and remained until March 1st. There were about 30 sail of American vessels in port. Only one of the Captains professed to be a christian, and I did not happen to make his acquaintance. The general state of morals among the seamen was every way deplorable. I met in this place with fierce opposition to all the principles of christianity; the bold infidel and blasphemer was here in his glory. I held religious services as usual, and having procured a bethel flag from Capt. Robertson of the ship Peri of Boston, I caused it to be raised at the

mast head as an invitation to all who would desire to meet with us. A few only esteemed it a privilege to do so.

We continued on our voyage with the same regulations, and touched at St. Helena June 26th, and left again July 10th, enjoying in this, and all my visits, much christian fellowship with Rev. Mr. Bertram, the excellent pastor of the Baptist Church on this Island, whose visit to this country will be remembered by many of your readers. Mr. B. cherishes a very kind recollection of the liberality and friendship of the American churches.

We were on our cruising ground again in October. I had taken one whale up to the 26th. On Friday and Saturday, the 26th and 27th, we chased whales, unsuccessfully. Sunday, October 28th, the day was fine, a whale was seen, under the ship's bow in the morning, and I heard the murmurings of the crew. Not wishing to exercise any restraint on the consciences of my fellow men after divine service I called all the crew upon deck, and explaining again to them my views, and appealing to the prosperity which had thus far attended us in keeping the Sabbath, I asked all who wished to pursue their whaling on Sunday to pass to one side of the deck. Six thus decided, and I gave them liberty to take charge of the ship; to set mast head, to steer the vessel and to lower if they thought proper. They made sail, and in the afternoon were surrounded by whales. They did not lower the boats, but the effect was such upon the crew that only three of the foremost hands came into the cabin for afternoon service. Being discouraged by this state of things, (in which I think I was wrong) I discontinued Sabbath services for four weeks, but we did not attempt to whale. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday following we took a whale each day, and we 'cooled down' but once until we were full. We left the ground December 4th, having taken thirteen whales. At that time the ships we saw averaged but one whale each. Among the ships that I spoke this season was the barque B——, of New Bedford. The Captain enquired of me why I did not

lower for whales on the Sabbath. I replied, I dare not violate the law of God, for I know that he has commanded us to sanctify that day and keep it holy; that I had tried hard to whale on Sunday with a clear conscience but could not do it. He replied that, in so doing I believe you lose just one-seventh part of the time, and obtain one-seventh less oil than you otherwise would. To which I gave answer: The creatures of God in the sea, as well as on the shore, are in his power. He rules and overrules. I cannot and will not believe that any one will, in the end, suffer in temporal prosperity by obeying God's commands.

In concluding this letter, (which is perhaps already too long,) I would express the earnest hope that the time will come when the Sabbath shall be known and honored on sea and shore, and when owners of whale ships shall cooperate with their masters in endeavoring so to conduct this important branch of our national industry that the day of the Lord shall be faithfully observed on board of every ship.

I desire to express my gratitude for the kind Providence which prospered and guided me on the voyage, and hope that the time may speedily come when "the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto the Lord."

Yours very truly,

EBENEZER MORGAN.

Danish Sailor Missionary's Report.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

During the first quarter of 1856 I have been on Bornholm. Whenever there has been an opportunity, I have visited the vessels which have sought shelter in the harbors during the winter. There have been a goodly number of whalers with a crew of 30 to 40, and thus there has been an open field for me.

I have sold a number of Bibles and Testaments, and distributed many religious tracts. On the Lord's day I have preached regularly in a hired house in the city, and during this quarter I have founded three Sunday

Schools, one in Ronne, one in Snogebek, and one in Svanike.

Jan. 29. I was on board the galeasse Tedes, where a great number of thoughtless seamen had assembled. I distributed a number of religious Tracts among them, and found opportunity to preach to them. Altho' there are generally among seamen some who are so hardened that they cannot refrain from using profane language and swearing, yet at this time they were, through the grace of God, quiet; and they listened with great attention to the Word. God grant that it may bear fruit.

Feb. 4. We had a blessed day. A young man whose heart the Lord had opened, wished to enter into covenant with God. He was baptized and went on his way rejoicing.

On the 6th March I went along the sea shore to make a missionary tour. The first day I arrived at Arnagerbro, where we had divine service; and from thence I went to Sose where I visited several families.

On the 7th I went to Snogebek, where we had divine service. The people living here get their living from the sea. They are exceedingly ungodly people. The Lord has several times shown them his Almighty hand. Last year one of them was killed while he was working at a vessel that was wrecked there; but such warnings they despise. They carry their ungodliness so far that one of them went to the clergyman to inquire of him whether it was a sin to kill the holy ones. But as the clergyman dissuaded him from so doing, he did not do it. But when it is rumored that I have arrived at the place, there is a great noise; some even forbid their children to leave the house while I am there. The wife of one of the fishers is a believing woman. when it was known that I had arrived at the village he was so enraged that he drove his wife away from the house, and she was obliged to seek shelter at her son's. But how foolish is the unregenerate man! By this means she got opportunity to attend our meetings; and thus she might say with Joseph, "ye thought evil against me, but God meant it un-

to good." Several of the wives and daughters of the fishers have been led to believe in the Lord. There is also a seaman living there by the name of Trommer who has been a believer for several years. The Lord has been pleased to open the heart of the youngest daughter but one of the above mentioned fisher, who showed so much opposition against the Lord and his anointed, and she believes in her Saviour. She desired to enter into covenant with the Lord, and I baptized her in the Baltic the 23d March. The Lord has of late increased the number of his witnesses in this village, but the more sinners are converted the more do the wicked rage. Their enmity is exceedingly great.

The Lord has now taken hold of them with his powerful hand to chastise them; may it be to the saving of the souls of some. In the night between the 28 and 29th March a vessel struck about two English miles south of Snogebek, about 250 yards from the shore. The vessel was the galeasse Blucher of Greisvalde, Capt. Pertief, with a crew of seven men.—At daybreak the stranding was announced; the lifeboat and the rockets for throwing a rope to the vessel, were put in order, and the first attempt with the rocket was successful. As it was to be feared the vessel could not long resist the violence of the sea, the lifeboat, fastened to the rope thrown by the rocket, put to sea, for the vessel. Six of the bravest seamen at Snogebek, among whom was brother Trommer, entered the boat, attempting in this manner to save the unhappy crew. They had already succeeded in getting half way to the vessel and over the worst breakers, when a heavy sea upset the boat. It was a heartrending sight. Five of those who had entered the boat found their watery grave in the deep. But the Lord who heareth prayers hath listened to the cry of his children,—brother Trommer had got hold of the keel, and was hauled ashore. Three of the ship's crew found their graves in the deep. Thus powerfully did the Lord display his grace in saving his child; may it fill our hearts with sincere gratitude. Weeping and la-

mentation are now heard of the five widows and their fatherless children. God grant that their hearts may be truly humbled, that nothing worse may befall them.

March 8. I went to Nexo, and from thence to Svanike, where I arrived towards evening. It was not long however before a number of people had assembled to whom I proclaimed the word of life. A woman who had found favor in the sight of God, wished to seal her faith in the Lord by being baptized. Her husband and children seemed to vie with one another in assisting her all in their power, and rejoiced at her baptism which took place on a starlight night. I did not get to my lodging before two o'clock at night. Next morning at 8 o'clock (it being the Lord's day,) I hastened to a meeting appointed at the house of this sister. A goodly number of people had assembled, and their tears gave evidence that the word of the Lord entered into their hearts. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, I, together with several of the people of God, went again to Nexo, about four english miles distant, where a meeting was appointed to be held. A number of people had assembled both from the city and from the surrounding villages.

The 10th I remained in the city visiting a number of families.

On the 11th I returned to Svanike where I arrived about dinner time.— I went into the house of the sister newly baptizeed, and as I desired to hold a meeting there, her husband and children put themselves immediately in motion and went out to invite people to come to the meeting.— The children particularly showed great zeal in going from house to house inviting the people to come.— This is one of the most blessed families I have met with in my journeys, parents and children vie with one another to promote the kingdom and glory of God. This man opened gladly his house for the word of God; before this it was not possible to induce any one to open his house for the preaching of the word in this ungodly city. The meeting was, altho' it was on a weekday, well attended.

When the meeting was over, two women came to me with tears in their eyes, confessing that they were great sinners, but they hoped, that God, for the sake of Christ, would pardon them. They wished to be baptized, but it was delayed till another time, that they might have opportunity to show the fruit of their faith. The woman where the meeting was held being possessed of great experience and a good understanding, I formed a Sunday School at Svanike, which she was willing to take the lead of.

The remainder of the month I stayed at Ronne. I have visited many houses and many seamen on board ships. God grant that my labors may not be in vain in the Lord.

Your humble brother in Christ,

P. E. RYDING,
Sailor's Missionary.

Ladies Seamen's Friend Society.

CONCORD, N. H.

This Society, originally composed of sixteen young ladies, is the oldest and one of the most efficient auxiliaries of the American Seamen's Friend Society. It was organized in 1830, and since that time has contributed for the benefit of seamen, in cash and clothing, at least *two thousand dollars*. It has been *like a tree planted by the rivers of water*—fruitful and unwithering; or as one of the old versions has it—

—“like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never.”

It is worthy of remark that most of its early members still live in fields of usefulness widely separated, and each doubtless the more useful for the early spirit of beneficence cultivated and exhibited in behalf of seamen.

The Secretary will accept our thanks for their last Annual Report,

from which we make the following extracts:—

"We are happy to announce that during the past year our meetings have been unusually well attended. There has been manifestly an increasing interest. This interest has been seen not only in the readiness to furnish articles for the external comfort of the sailor: but strong evidence has been given of feeling. Yes, while the hands have plied the needle, from the heart of many a faithful christian a secret prayer has ascended to that God who measures the ocean in his hand, that He would protect the mariner in the midst of his dangers, and fill his soul with that peace which is as a river, and that righteousness which is as the waves of the sea,—that the sailor may take the Word of God for his chart, and the Holy Spirit to guide him into the port of peace.

"The receipts and avails of the Society the past year, have been such as to enable you to send to the Parent Society in New York, in June last, \$185; by which means two of your clergymen have been constituted life Directors, and one gentleman and three ladies life members of the A. S. F. Society. Also during the year, two boxes filled with articles for sailors' use have been forwarded, valued at \$51.62. The letters of the Secretary, acknowledging the receipts of these donations, have been read in your hearing. And now, ladies, let us pause but for a moment and picture to our view only one instance of the many thousands that are actual reality. Some brother, or other loved one, wrecked at sea and suffering all the exhaustion and distress which usually accompany the scene when

"The tempest deepens! dark the cloud!
The howling blast is long and loud!
The vessel reels! the foaming tide
Is pouring through her yawning side!"

Yet saved! but suffering as many half-clad suffered, coming on our coast the last severe winter, shivering and cold, without a change of raiment.—See him enter the Sailor's Home in New York; see kindly hands outstretched to receive him—place our flannel upon him,

while tears of gratitude chase each other down that manly cheek. Imagine this faint sketch and say,—who does not feel it a privilege to do something for the sailor! But one thought more should incite us to action. The sailor, from the nature of his vocation and calling, unaided by exterior efforts, is but illy provided with *religious* means. From being long accustomed to work the ship on the Sabbath as on other days, he gradually becomes habituated to a disregard of holy time; and when in port, in city or in town, those long-acquired habits have created a disrelish for Sabbath and sanctuary privileges.—Then how important to have some christian's hand to guide to the seaman's Bethel! This, ladies, is the object at which we aim—this for which we labor. That *soul*, which is so easily led astray by those who seek to decoy and defraud (and their name is legion), whose haunts are the sure road to ruin,—we seek to *save*, to place within his reach motives and incentives to virtue; and although our efforts be small, we may trust we shall not lose our reward.

"MRS. J. R. HILL."

Lahaina Chaplaincy.

Bethel Flag.—Whale captured.—Sabbath whaling.—Consistent piety promotive of good discipline.

We are very glad to hear of the "Bethel" Flag on the way. The old one will just about hold together until it arrives. We'll try to keep those letters aloft, though bunting, and roof and walls and preacher may all give place to new again and again. The *house of God* will stand, the word of God will endure, the kingdom of Jesus prevail, though we and all human fabrics glide away in the wear of time, as that "tattered ensign" is flinging itself away in the breeze.

The temptations and sins of whalemen were brought under our observation lately in a new way. A hump-back whale was captured on the anchorage ground by the boats of the "Omega," lying in port. There was

high gratulation, and the only regret of any was what few would care for: it was the Lord's day, on which, He has commanded, "Thou shalt not do any work."

The captain, an invalid on shore, came rushing in, saying his men had been breaking the Sabbath, but he wanted us to visit his ship next morning and witness the "cutting in." We went, and had a full share of the pleasure and excitement. Perhaps the most enthusiastic were the natives in their canoes, reaping a harvest of beef and blubber, for food and light.

When will this kind of Sabbath-breaking be reformed? I am becoming more and more full of conviction that this is a most serious obstacle to the spiritual welfare of seamen, and therein to their temporal welfare, as well as that of masters and owners. I see plainly also that in the long run the increased profit is an illusion; that more whales would be killed and taken care of, and that at greatly lessened cost, by keeping than by breaking the Sabbath, in consequence of the superior *morale* of the men which would result from a manifest regard for religious obligations on the part of owners and masters. Can Sabbath-breaking *owners* and masters expect true and faithful servants in their men? The latter perceive what service the former render to *their* Master, and will tend to imitate it.

Even pious captains fail here. I talked on this subject the other day to an intelligent and able one, and active in matters of religion and reform. He followed the crowd in this sin, though it seemed a tender point to touch upon. This man seemed to truly feel the claims and the value of religion to himself and his men. At the first of his commanding a ship, he told me that he had established religious worship on board, but that after a few weeks mutinous demonstrations broke out which required vigorous and severe measures to suppress, after which the men declined to attend worship, and he "became satisfied that he could not be captain and chaplain together." He gave his men books and moral advice, but did not attempt to speak of religion to them. It was

sad to hear that a christian and praying man should think that such a door of usefulness was closed to him. Why was it closed? I afterwards learned that my worthy friend, though otherwise kind and good to his men in an unusual degree, was not free from serious infirmity of temper. Here was the *dead fly*.

But I must tell of another visit I received, of deep and touching interest. Captain D. called for some Spanish books for his cabin-boy, and was led to state in a most interesting manner, his religious experience; how while working in the mines, a few years ago, he met with several accidents and narrow escapes; how deep religious thoughts were thereby awakened, and at last great distress about his soul; how it was impressed on his mind that he must return immediately home, and how on arriving there he found a revival in progress, and found peace in Christ and united with the Church, and has since lived to the Lord; often tried, discouraged, distressed, but not overcome, and still and more than ever determined to hold fast to the grace of God. Of late his conscience has been much exercised about Sabbath whaling. He has concluded that it is wholly wrong, and told me that as he shall soon meet his owners, he shall resign the command of the ship unless they permit him to follow his convictions. He has but a little property, but has faith that God will supply his needs and those of his family, while he complies with his duty. How could I help admiring and loving such a man, when, too, all this was told in such a modest, feeling way?

He said his religion had been a great help to him in the discipline of the ship. His temper had been violent, and reacted on the dispositions of his men. But since his conversion, he had been enabled to exercise forbearance, and that things before intolerably exasperating, now caused him to feel only sorrow and pity for the offenders. In consequence, the government of his ship's company was now a comparatively easy thing.

Truly yours, S. E. BISHOP,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Lahaina. April 8, 1856.

The Pacific.—Is she Lost?

The *Anglo-Saxon* published at Boston, gives a narrative with this title, and affords a singular illustration of the impolicy of the too early abandonment of hope respecting vessels at sea. The editor says the narrative is strictly true. It is sufficiently interesting in itself, whether it has any bearing upon the case of the Pacific or not to be re-produced. We somewhat abridge it:

"The town of Liverpool, in Nova Scotia, situated about 60 miles from Halifax, is a place of some magnitude for a colonial outpost. The intercourse with Halifax, the Capital of the Province, was, at one time, chiefly kept up by a smart and dashing little craft, called the Liverpool Packet, commanded by Capt. Bass, which plied weekly between the two ports through the Spring and Summer months, laying up during the severity of the Winter, when the communication with Halifax was for the most part, limited to a weekly post by land.

"About the year 1815 or 1816, as the season for navigation was drawing to a close, a great number of passengers went to Halifax, as was the custom, to replenish the stores for the winter, while many heads of families proceeded thither to make purchases of clothing, groceries, &c., for their private winter stock; and as this was to be the last trip of the season, the little bark was crowded with some forty or fifty passengers, chiefly fathers and mothers of large families who were left at home.

The voyage to Halifax was prosperous; the voyagers made their purchases, and in due time the Liverpool packet was ready to return. All the passengers embarked in good spirits, and the bark sailed cheerily down the harbor and proceeded for her destination.

A few hours after her departure there sprung up one of those terrific North-westers, so well known on the coast of Nova Scotia, which, blowing with the utmost fury for several days, attended with intense frost, made it clear that no vessel could keep the coast; she must either put herself before the wind, and run out to sea,

or perish by wreck and the rigor of an atmosphere twenty or thirty degrees below zero. A change of weather so sudden, so severe, so unexpected, gave rise to great fears for the safety of the little packet, and the next post by land was anxiously waited for by friends and relatives at both towns.

The post at length arrived, but brought no tidings of the Liverpool Packet; another post and another came in, and yet no news of the missing vessel. Search was then made along the shore for any wreck of her, but not a vestige could be discovered.

Advices were in due time received from Bermuda, but nothing was heard of the little packet and her passengers. Accounts were also received from several of the West India Islands, but still without intelligence of the missing vessel.

Three months at length passed away, and the packet was given up for lost. Those who had friends on board went into mourning, and so connected were the different families throughout the town, that the Sunday on which all who had friends put on black, saw nearly the entire population in the habiliments of woe.

Four months passed away. All hope had fled: the vessel had, without doubt, foundered and gone to the bottom with all on board; but when, or in what part of the vast ocean, was to remain veiled in the secrets of the deep, until the sea should give up her dead.

Sixteen weeks had now elapsed, when one fine morning in the spring some seafaring people down at the Fort descried a strange brig approaching the harbor. She attracted attention from the circumstance that, although a stranger, she was navigated by one who well knew the entrance of the harbor, for she came in without a pilot or shortning sail. The quick eye and watchful habits of seamen could not lightly pass over such a circumstance, and the report of a strange vessel coming in soon spread through the little town, and many persons assembled. The best telescopes were put in requisition, but none could make out who or what the

stranger was. As she drew nearer to the anxious group, her deck was crowded with male and female passengers. 'Ah!' exclaimed one who had a certain indefinable hope as that hope sank within him, 'an emigrant ship after all,' and a deep sigh came from his bosom, for he had a near and dear friend on board the little packet. 'An emigrant ship,' said another, 'how can any captain of an emigrant ship know so well his way into this harbor? Besides, emigrant ships do not come to Liverpool.'

A pause ensued, during which one with a quick eye was gazing through the best glass the town afforded. He was on one knee, resting his telescope, when he suddenly sprang on his feet and declared that Capt. Bass was among the passengers. 'Nonsense!' was the incredulous cry; Capt. Bass and the Liverpool Packet are at the bottom of the sea, and will remain there till the day of resurrection.' Not daunted by their incredulity, he said: 'Give me the trumpet: I will speak the brig; In a few moments she will be near enough. What brig is that?' The response was given. 'Are you Capt. Bass?' 'Yes,' was the reply. A few words sufficed to reveal that the vessel had been blown off, and for many days went before the wind with great rapidity. As the gale abated, Capt. Bass found he could better reach the West Indies than he could get back with so small and so crowded a vessel. Using their provisions economically, and slaking their thirst with the cider and the barrels of apples that were on board, they reached Barbadoes.—There the captain sold his sloop, bought the brig and came back safe with all his passengers.

The Joyful news flew through the town, and ere the vessel could be brought to the wharf the entire population of the place had assembled to meet and embrace their friends. It would be in vain to describe such a scene—all were in mourning—yet all with a smile of joy beaming in their countenances. As the long lost friends and relatives leaped on shore, fathers, mothers, and brothers were

locked in each other's arms, and then the smiles became tears of joy.

"The tears had scarcely ceased, when with one sudden impulse the whole assemblage sank on their knees and in a burst of pious fervor poured out their thanks to that great and merciful Being who had so singularly preserved them, and who holds us in the hollow of his hand."

The Cars in a Snow-Drift.

THE DYING SAILOR—LAND AHEAD
—ROUNDING THE POINT—SAFE IN
THE HARBOR.

It was one of the coldest days of that coldest of all winters just past, when some four or five hundred persons were detained for a day and a night in the large station-house at Philadelphia, expecting every hour intelligence that the road was open, and a train would immediately start for Baltimore. The mammoth tread and defiant shout of the iron horse could make but little impression upon the gathering snow-drift, so that it required three or four days to make the transit of one hundred miles to the monumental city. As the slow hours of the evening were dragging heavily along, the tedium and restlessness of a portion of the company were at length relieved by the conversational charms of a very fine-looking young naval officer, who was entertaining a circle of attentive listeners with many interesting incidents of his travels, and anecdotes pertaining to Portuguese, Patagonians and Hindoos. The strain of his narratives becoming somewhat serious, he related in the most delightful style of conversational eloquence, the following account of the *Dying Sailor*. The writer can give merely the substance of his story. Even if his words could be recalled, there would still be wanting his tones and looks. Perhaps the principal charm of the narrative was in the manner of telling it.

"It was once my lot," said the young officer, "to be frequently in the sick room of a pious man, who had followed the sea all his life. From the time I first knew him, he had the

reputation of being an excellent seaman and a good Christian. It soon became apparent that this sickness would be his last, and that we should lose his valuable services and the good influence he exerted over the crew. We had on board a minister of the gospel who visited him every day, to impress upon his mind the solemn realities of religion, or to cheer his spirit with its consoling assurances and hopes. At some of those interviews I happened to be present.

"Upon entering the cabin, the preacher, one day, said, 'My friend, how do you feel this morning?' A glow of enthusiasm flushed the sailor's face, as he replied, '*Land ahead! Land ahead!*' His words sent a thrill through my heart, for they expressed the most glorious and ecstatic hopes. During the long voyage of his life, waves of sorrow had buffeted his frail bark. The tempests had swept rudely by, while the heavens darkened overhead, and a gulf opened before him. He had passed between Sylla and Charybdis, with destruction yawning on either side."

Such has ever been the Christian's experience in this world. Cares, toils and disappointments follow him through all his earthly course; afflictions, bereavements and losses give him no rest. While sailing on this perilous sea, from the wide waste of waters he looks forward to catch a glimpse of the better land, but he seeks in vain to penetrate the gloom that environs him. No distant shores, nor far off mountain ranges, reveal their outlines to his gaze. He must grapple yet awhile with the giant spirit of the storm. But at length a mortal disease invades his frame. The near approach of the world of souls, or the giving way of some of the props that uphold this frail tenement, or the special grace of heaven vouchsafed to the dying saint, renders his spiritual sensibilities more acute. As he looks forward now, his vision pierces the cloudy envelopment that darkens the horizon, and he cries out with rapture, "*Land ahead! Land ahead!*"

"Some days afterward," said the young officer, "I was present again during a visit of the clergyman. In

reply to an inquiry as to his present feelings, the sick man, in his laconic style, said, '*Just rounding the point!*' He was making progress homeward. For years he had longed for the approaching hour. Peril had followed him in all his journeyings. He had wrestled with disease in foreign climes; he had been caught in the hideous coil of the pestilence. Death had chased after him over many seas; but a charm seemed to hang round his person, and a merciful Providence never deserted him. Now he is upon the very shores of his native land. He can almost discern the faces of loved ones that look out of the lattice for his coming, and hear the glad voices that welcome his return."

Such is a picture of the Christian's feelings when his eye discerns the first glimpse of his heavenly home, after a weary life of unremitting struggles with evil. In his passage of the great sea of this world, he had touched at many a port whose moral atmosphere was poisoned, and whose inhabitants had been swept to the grave by the deadly malaria of sin. He himself had been caught in the hideous embrace of the plague; but faith, like a charm, hung round his soul, and he escaped the mortal doom. Now he approaches his heavenly home. The green shores of the better land, the spires and domes of the celestial city and the beautiful palaces of his Redeemer rise to his view, and he feels that his bark, with all its precious freight, is safely entering the harbor.

"The last time I met the minister in that dying chamber," said the narrator, "the good sailor was near his end. His emaciated form and feeble pulse, told too plainly that his very hours were numbered. To the usual inquiries into his religious hopes and prospects in that solemn hour, he replied, using still his nautical imagery, '*Safe at port! Let go the anchor!*' and his countenance seemed radiant with celestial light. His dangers and hardships were all past. He was ready to step on shore and press his long lost treasures to his heart again."

Who would not wish to have his dying vision cheered and his heart thrilled with such a prospect? The

believer has already an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, for it is cast within the veil—fastened in the clefts of the eternal rock. But soon the quicksands and storms will be far behind him. The foul breath of sin will no longer taint the air. Safely reaching the threshold of his eternal home, he will go in at the gate of the city, and be forever happy in his Father's house and the society of his best friends.—*Lutheran Obs.*

The Massachusetts Sailor.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF CHRISTIAN
BENEFICENCE.

It is not our present purpose to trace the footsteps of his manly boyhood, from the time he began to watch the rising and retreating waves of the Atlantic breaking upon his native Cape Cod, up to the day when he first gloried in a jacket and a tarpaulin; nor to follow him through the varied scenes of a life of some twenty years on the sea.

"Fair boy! the wand'ring of thy way
It is not mine to trace
Through buoyant youth's exulting day,
Or manhood's bolder race,"

We might, indeed, pause to weep with him sitting on the beach amidst the wreck of his worldly hopes; and subsequently to rejoice with him, finding the pearl of great price on the Gulf of Mexico. It would be interesting to mark the providences which retrieved his wrecked fortune, and thus sent him inland more than a thousand miles from the sea, to lead the way in the erection of the first church which adorned the banks of the upper Mississippi, and consecrate his property to one of the noblest monuments of practical wisdom and beneficence in the West. But for the present we forbear, with simply recording for future use the following sketch:

"Some twenty years ago, a hardy, weather-beaten sailor, having accu-

mulated a fortune upon the high seas, came with his family to Illinois, and settled upon one of our prairies. His heart having been touched by the Gospel and the power of the Holy Ghost, he determined to devote a good portion of his property to the cause of christian benevolence. He accordingly conceived the idea of founding a Female Seminary, where females of good minds and a disposition to be useful, could with little expense qualify themselves for usefulness. He accordingly expended the liberal sum of fifty-three thousand dollars in this favorite project, and has built up an institution that will compare favorably with any of the kind, East or West. Having completed it and got it into successful operation, he deeded it all to a Board of Trustees, to be used forever for the purpose of Female Education, reserving no interest or exclusive control in it to himself.

"There have been educated here, wholly or in part, some 1,200 or 1,300 young ladies. These all, with minds cultivated, and more or less imbued with christian principles, have gone forth in various capacities to bless the world as teachers of schools and Sunday-schools, as missionaries and wives and mothers. The influence which they are exerting for good is apparent in a thousand directions, and it will multiply and increase, in a geometrical ratio, to the end of time.

"Some time ago, this benevolent founder of this Seminary was detained over a Sabbath in a village in the interior of this State. He attended church, and saw also the flourishing Sunday-school that was taught there. 'What building is that,' said he to his host, 'down on the green?' 'Oh! that is our Female Seminary. We have a large and flourishing school. The young ladies from the village and country for miles around attend it. It is the chief attraction and pride of our village,' answered the landlord. 'And who is the teacher?' asked my friend. 'It is Miss W——, a graduate of Monticello Seminary; and a most excellent and useful lady she is too,' was the reply. The captain then remembered that some dozen years ago, among other poor girls, a daugh-

ter of a missionary who had spent his life among the heathen, had been brought out and educated at his Seminary; and this Miss W—— he now ascertained was that girl.

"This incident seemed to open the eyes of the captain to the influence and importance of his seminary. It set him to reflecting on the influence direct and remote, which it was exerting. On his return, he modestly related it to me. I told him, as I had occasion to know, that probably not less than one hundred schools in the West, of a similar character to the one he saw, were taught by the young ladies to whom he had given the means of an education; that at one time, nearly all the female teachers of the public schools in St. Louis and other towns in the West, were also taught by them. He simply exclaimed, while his heart heaved with emotion, '*How much better it is, if a man has anything to give, to do it while he lives, than to lay its workings while he lives, than to lay it up for executors to give after he is dead and gone.*'

"Now, sir, I have related these facts, because I thought you would be interested in the story; but more especially to bring to view the principle implied in the captain's remark—to give *yourself* while you have it to give,—and not to trust to the future, while in the meantime a thousand contingencies may deprive you of the power of giving at all; nor transfer to executors and administrators to do that which we can always do much better ourselves, and at the same time have the satisfaction of *seeing* the workings of it while we live: Had Captain Godfrey, twenty years ago, simply determined that he would *bequeath* by will \$50,000 to the cause of female education, would any considerable portion of those 1,300 young ladies, who are now scattering blessings over the land, ever have been educated? Would the hundreds of schools that are now flourishing all over the West under their instruction, ever have been established? Would that noble structure, which every passer-by beholds with admiration, and which may stand to bless future

generations for a thousand years to come, ever have been reared? And would that venerable man, in his declining years, have been enabled to exclaim while pointing to it, 'I thank God that so much of my property has been saved!' No, my friend, I conclude that if God intrusts us with the means of doing good, it is the only part of true wisdom to use it *immediately*, while we have it. He holds us responsible for its present use, and no purpose of *future action* will be accepted by Him in lieu of present duty. If we lay up in a napkin for future use what God gives us to work with *now*, the moth and rust may corrupt it, or thieves break through and steal it, long before our purpose is accomplished.

"C. W."

Tristan D'Acunha.

The following account of this group comes from a source that leaves no doubt of its entire accuracy, and will be read with interest by all frequenters of the South Atlantic; especially by our own citizens, many of whom have been familiar visitors of Tristan d'Acunha for thirty years past, and have been well acquainted personally with "Governor" Glass and his whole colony. In noticing the other day the arrival of the Glass family in the ship Peruvian, we stated our belief that it embraced the whole population, tho' we did not assert it positively. We find now, that we were in error. A considerable number still remain on the island.

We are indebted for this interesting account to Henry P. Haven, Esq. of this city, for which we are very much obliged to that gentleman.

The whaler, as he cruises here and there, for months together, over the vast ocean, always rejoices at the sight of land, be it ever so small in size, or ordinary in appearance; If only one of those little specks of Green, which a bountiful Creator has every where scattered upon the face of the waters; as if on purpose to delight and refresh the mariner.

The sight of land, is of itself, a pleasant relief to the eye that has

long had nothing but sea and sky to gaze upon. And, in addition, there is always the pleasing anticipation of obtaining something fresh, in fruit, or vegetables, or fresh meat, as an agreeable variation from salt pork and bread which has been for months, perhaps, the sailor's food.

Over the vast Pacific Ocean, such little isles are scattered thickly enough. But throughout the wide South Atlantic only two such of any note, are to be found, at any distance from the main land. The name of one of these, St. Helena, is familiar to every one. The other, called after one of the early navigators, Tristan d'Acunha, is less generally known; though none the less valued by those who are familiar with it. Perhaps, therefore, a short account of it will be found interesting to the general reader; as it will doubtless to whalers who have visited it.

The Tristan group consists of three islands, though only one, the largest, is inhabited. All were once thickly crowded with seals and sea elephants, though now on the largest island scarce one, and on the others very few are to be found. We shall confine our description to the largest.

There is nothing very tempting in the appearance of the island itself.—It is simply a lofty volcanic cone, rising abruptly to a height of more than 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, some thirty miles in circumference at its base. Its sides, though once covered thickly with a small evergreen, are now almost entirely bare, (the ravages of a little insect having destroyed almost all the trees,) and altogether it has a very barren, desolate appearance.

Yet here and there, at the base of the mountain, are little narrow slips of level ground, mostly inhabited by penguins. But on one, the largest, situated at the N. E. corner, a few men have contrived to reside, for now some forty years, and to raise a small, but excellent crop of that which, to the whaler, is perhaps the most precious of vegetable productions, potatoes.

Jonathan Lambert, an American, was the first person who conceived the idea of making a settlement on

so lone a spot. He set out from Rio de Janeiro in 1811, with two companions, bringing with him a supply of coffee, sugar, tobacco and other tropical plants, which he intended to cultivate, but must have found the climate far too severe for them. This attempt was, therefore, an utter failure, and there is much reason to fear that he himself was murdered by his companions.

Soon after, in 1816, the British Government for some unknown reason sent a detachment of soldiers from the Cape to effect a settlement. But not finding it answer the expectations that had been formed, it was abandoned within a year, not without the loss of a British sloop-of-war, the Julia, which while lying at anchor waiting to take off stores, was driven ashore in the night by a heavy northerly swell, and 60 of her crew perished.

On the departure of the soldiers William Glass, a Corporal of Artillery, obtained permission to remain behind with his wife and two companions; and these formed the nucleus of that little community which has ever since continued to reside upon the island, and has now increased from four to nearly a hundred souls.

"Governor Glass" was well known to all whalers visiting the island, on which he continued to reside for nearly forty years, until he died three years ago, Nov. 24th, 1853. He was by birth a Scotchman, well and religiously disposed, and had ever a laudable desire to promote the welfare of the little community of which he was nominally the head. At first they continued for some years few in number, and few ships visited them. But gradually a few sailors, sometimes shipwrecked ones, joined them. And at length, when in 1827, there were some half dozen men upon the island, they obtained wives from St. Helena, and from that date their numbers rapidly increased.

In 1822, they had attempted to obtain possession of a schooner, in which to trade to St. Helena and the Cape, there being then no whaleships in the neighborhood to dispose of their spare produce to. They were to pay for her by the first cargoes

sent in her. But unhappily after making two voyages she was lost, through carelessness, in Table Bay, and of course the people of the island entirely lost all the oil, seal skins, and other goods that they had put on board her. This was a heavy disappointment to them.

It was not till the year 1828 that the first American whale ship touched here. She was commanded by Capt. Sampson, of New Bedford, who ever after continued a true and kind friend to the Islanders, whom he continued to visit until he died in 1849.

About that time (1830) a great number of whales were to be found round the island; so many that a ship would often fill up in a few weeks, and as many as sixty or seventy ships might be found cruising round it.

In the year 1851 a minister of the Church of England, the Rev. W. F. Taylor, was sent at the expense of a munificent individual in England, to minister among them, and still continues to reside and labor there, not without signs of God's blessing on his work being manifested in the improved manners and knowledge of its very numerous rising generation, in the greater attention paid by all to their religious duties, and the good hopes of a real work of grace begun in the hearts of many.

There were on his arrival, 84 souls upon the island, comprised in nine families, almost every family having 8, 10 or a dozen children, Gov. Glass having had 16, though all were not then residing on the island. The number is now, (January 1856,) increased to 96, but soon will be greatly reduced, very many of the people being only waiting an opportunity to seek some more favored clime, for the island itself has for some years been only sadly deteriorating. The heavy gales which blow occasionally at all seasons of the year, utterly forbid the cultivation of any but the most hardy kind of vegetation. As was said before, an insect has utterly destroyed the small evergreen trees with which the island was once covered, and left the island all the more exposed, giving no prospect that new trees of any kind could now be raised

to replace the old. The little slip of land, which alone can be cultivated, is too small to support any but a very limited population; and its distance from any other inhabited place, leaves no opening for the sale of surplus produce save to ships calling at the island. As long as whale ships continue to call at the island in any number there will probably always be a few people dwelling there to supply them, but when they discontinue visiting it, the island will no doubt soon be left solely to its most fit inhabitants—the wild birds of the ocean.—*N. London Chronicle.*

Boston Sea, Fr'd Society.

ALPHEUS HARDY, Esq., President.
WILLIAM ROPES, Esq., Vice Presidt.
FREDERICK A. BENSON, Secretary.
THOMAS D. QUINCY, Treasurer.

TWENTY EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT.

This Society sustains a Mariner's Church, Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Chaplain, and a Sailor's Home, Mr. John O. Chany, Superintendent, together with their usual associated means for elevating and saving seamen.

The attendance at the Mariner's Church, during the year, has somewhat increased, and the Chaplain has found encouragement in his labors. The Sabbath School contains about *one hundred* scholars, and has been sustained with interest. A course of evening lectures has been given, during the winter, by the pastor, which have been well attended.

During the year 2,590 Seamen have boarded at the Sailor's Home, making more than 21,000, who have come under its influence, since the first establishment of the institution. The increasing number of Seamen, who are seeking the Home as their residence while in port, is a pleasing evidence of improvement among them.

The number of shipwrecked and destitute Seamen who have been helped during the year at the home, is 123. The amount expended for these men, in clothing and board, has been \$625.

The Report notices the commencement in a part of Quincy of a "Sailor's Snug Harbor of Boston, for the purpose of relieving and supporting decrepit, infirm or aged Seamen." The grounds consist of seventy acres, and the "old house" has seven inmates of the above description. During the season the Trustees propose to erect a large and commodious building, capable of accommodating from seventy-five to one hundred men.

The call to found, and provide for the future support of this institution, has been nobly answered. Twenty thousand dollars were given by the Trustees of the estate of the late Samuel Appleton, ten thousand dollars by Josiah Brady, Esq., five thousand dollars by R. B. Forbes, Esq., one thousand dollars by Hon. Josiah Quincy, fifteen hundred dollars by two sisters, (Misses Oliver) of Dorchester, and one thousand dollars by William Ropes, Esq. These, and many other equally noble gifts, are sufficient to warrant the Trustees in proceeding to erect the required buildings.

Of the fearful mortality on the sea the past year, and the causes thereof the Report thus speaks:

"Ordinarily, the mortality among this class of men is such, that eleven and a half years is estimated to be the average length of a sailor's life.

During the last year, the frequent storms, together with the unusual quantity of floating ice that has been encountered at sea, have greatly increased the causes of mortality. The words of the Psalmist, concerning those who go down to the sea in ships, "their soul is melted because of trouble," have been affectingly illustrated. Strongly built ships, which seemed to bid defiance to the elements, have found themselves helpless amid the ice and the 'waves which the stormy winds have lifted up,' some of them having gone down with all on board, leaving none to tell the story of their fate. From other ships, some sailor, just perishing of hunger and cold, has been picked up at sea to disclose somewhat of the horrors of the disaster in which the ship was lost.

But the *causes* of these terrible disasters have not all been in the sea,

or in the stormy winds which have lifted up its waves, or in the icy breath of an uncommonly rigorous winter. There are dangers of the ship, as well as the sea. In the construction and unseaworthy condition of ships—in the short complement of men—in deficiency of provisions, anchors, chains, boats, &c.,—are causes of numerous disasters, in which property and lives are lost at sea.

There are still other causes of shipwreck, more potent than those of the sea, or the ship. These are found in the character of the men to whose care the ship is committed on its voyage. Incompetent and reckless men, 'do but help the storm' when it rages, and losses of life and property at sea, are every year showing more distinctly, the importance of a united effort, on the part of all concerned, to change the character of Seamen. Hitherto, we regret to say, that all efforts to establish a Nautical School for the purpose of training young men and boys for the marine service, have failed. We cannot but hope that the time is not far distant, when this desirable object will be accomplished. When the commercial community are prepared to *unite* in an effort to introduce into the marine service a class of men, fitted by their character and training, for this responsible profession, and when all shipmasters shall learn, what some have so successfully learned and practiced, viz., *that to treat Seamen like men*, is the best way to secure subordination among them, the evils which we so much deplore will, at least, be greatly lessened. As each year passes, and tidings from the sea, of the loss of thousands of lives and millions of property, come to us, it becomes more and more apparent, that the *moral elevation of the men of the sea*, will be the most effectual security of life and property upon the ocean."

The excellent Addresses appended to the Report will claim our attention at a future time.

One Hundred and Thirty-two farmers are at present in the Connecticut House of Representatives—There are also seven farmers in the Senate.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

Falling from aloft.

The most thrilling cry that rings along the deck of a ship at sea, is that which announces "a man overboard!" It is blowing a gale. The sea runs high, and the ship plunges and labors severely. The men lay out on the jib-boom to shorten sail, and are swept off like toys by the angry waves. They crawl up the weather rigging, and stretch out upon the yards to reef. The man at the wheel luffs a bit, to ease the bellying canvass. The man at the braces is careless, and the yard, escaping control, thrashes about in the wind, and poor Jack is flung off into the yeasty sea. There is no time to put the ship about, and it is madness to lower a boat. So the lost man is speedily engulfed in the waters. Sometimes every man on the yard is flung off; some falling to the deck to be crushed, and some falling into the sea to be drowned. In either event, the chance of saving the periled lives is nothing.

We doubt if any one is aware of the number of seamen in our merchant service, whose lives are annually sacrificed in this way. It is a brief record, and attracts no attention which appears in the Marine Reports every morning—that, on such a day, a seaman fell from the jib-boom or the topsail-yard of the fine packet-ship *Blowhard*, and was lost. Yet we venture to say that not less than a thou-

and seamen fall from aloft, on American ships, every year, while in the discharge of their duty, and perish "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

Since the first of November last, one hundred and five seamen have been reported lost in this manner, on the homeward voyage of ships that have arrived in the port of New York alone. How many have been lost overboard who were not reported; how many have fallen on the outward voyage; how many from ships arriving at other ports; how many from whalers and fishermen in distant seas, we have no means of ascertaining.

Fifteen ships arriving here in the month of November, reported losing nineteen men from aloft. Eighteen ships arriving in December, reported twenty men. Seven ships arriving in January, reported seven men. Twelve ships arriving in February, reported eighteen men. Twelve ships arriving in March, reported twenty-three men. Fifteen ships arriving in April, reported sixteen men.

All these men fell from forward or from aloft while doing duty, and perished, except two. One of these fell overboard from the maintopgallant-mast head of ship *Constantine*, which arrived from Liverpool in March. The ship was hove to, a boat lowered and the man saved, "much bruised about the face, head and arm" Three men fell from aloft on the homeward voy-

age of this ship. The other case of rescue was more remarkable. A seaman of the bark *Union*, which arrived from Bremen in March, was thrown from the foreyard while furling the foresail, in a heavy sea. The gasket got entangled around his body and held him suspended for some time, when the maintopsail blew away, which raised the bow of the ship and threw the man into the foresail, where he clung and was saved.

The majority of these deaths occur on European voyages. Of the ships alluded to, fifty-one from Europe lost sixty-six men from aloft; and of these twenty-six from Liverpool lost thirty-eight men; six from London lost seven men; six from Havre lost eight men; thirteen, from other European ports, lost thirteen men. Fourteen ships, arriving from the West Indies and Rio, lost nineteen men from aloft, and eleven ships from the East Indies lost thirteen men. On a single day in December last, ten ships, arriving from Europe, reported eleven men lost from aloft on the voyage. One ship, the *New York*, which arrived from Liverpool in February, lost four men from aloft.

Now this is a fearful mortality; and it is natural to inquire, what is the cause of it, and whether it can be prevented?

Bad seamanship has something to do with it. Many men are shipped before the mast, especially in our Liverpool packets, who are totally incompetent to do a seaman's duty. Land lubbers and greenhorns, who "never smelt oakum," are sent aboard as able-bodied seamen. Of course the ship is a maze to such a crew; and, as they go aloft, they must miss their footing, lose their hold, and fall overboard. The packet-ship *Aurora*, which arrived at this port from Liverpool, in December, reported having "a very inefficient crew; not one-half knew the ropes; was obliged to hire ten of the passengers to assist in working the ship." The *Dreadnought*, which arrived during the same month, reported that she "had only six men that could reef or steer."

But the landsmen are not the only ones that fall from aloft. Their more

able messmates perish in the same way. The ship is short-handed, and the crew is over-worked. The watch below is constantly broken up by the cry that summons "all hands on deck." The able seaman, completely worn out, mans the rigging in a dark night and a heavy gale. He is too much exhausted to maintain his position on the yard. To fall into the sea is to be relieved from an agonizing struggle. The yielding foot-rope slips from under him, and he is lost overboard!

It seems to us that the provisions for protecting seamen from these accidents are very trifling. The knotted foot-rope, that sways with the surgings of the ship, is a poor reliance for a man out on the jib-boom, or at the yard-arm, in a gale of wind. It is evident that there is something deficient in the present mode of rigging and handling our ships. Provisions are needed to protect the lives of men in their hazardous duties aloft. What these should be, we are hardly prepared to say; but the subject is certainly worth the attention of all who are interested in the welfare of those who go down to the sea in ships; and it appeals as strongly to the self-interest of the underwriter as to the human sympathies of the philanthropist.—*New York Daily Times*.

Disasters.

Fort Curtis, Dec. 2.—The Reindeer, Storey, from Australia for Shanghai, was lost on the 27th Sept., on a reef. The captain and crew arrived here scarcely able to walk up the beach, after being 28 days without anything but the shell fish and water procured on the Islands along the coast.

Barque Wm. Larrabee, from Cienfuegos for New York, struck on one of the Jardinell's Reefs, night of the 11th March, and was totally wrecked; captain and crew saved.

Br. brig Rubicon, was the vessel before reported wrecked, and captain and crew arrived at Fayal.

Schr. C. A. Libbey, hence for Vera Cruz, was totally lost on the Alcranes reef, the date not given.

Whaleship Hopewell, of San Francisco, has been lost at Bolinas Bay, coast of California.

Schr. Martha Russell, Watts, from Nassau, May 11, for Tampico, was wrecked at Orange Key, 13th, and bilged soon after striking.

Barque Young Turk, from Boston for Shesizac, is reported by a telegraphic despatch received at Boston 5th inst. to have struck on a reef near Cape Breton, no date, and sunk. Crew saved.

Barque Swan, of New York, was abandoned, no date, on the passage from St. Catharines for Bahia, with seven feet water in her hold.

Barque Cabasa, of Portland, went ashore April 10, on Abaco, while attempting to run into Nassau, having sprung a leak some days previously in a Norther. She was from Cienfuegos bound to Boston. The vessel will be a total loss.

Rangoon, March 26—The "Palestine" (American ship), from London for Moulmein, with an assorted cargo, foundered at sea, about March 11—crew left in two boats; one with three men, has landed at Bassein—three others, who were in the same boat were taken up by the Greyfeather; the other boat, containing the master, officers, and six men, has not since been heard of.

Barque Julian, bound from San Francisco for Sydney, has been totally lost with her cargo, on a small Island, about 300 miles W. of Tahiti, called Scylla Island. Five of the passengers were drowned.

The Br. schr. which capsized off Gloucester 21st., and drifted into the bay, was the Mary, Nickerson, from Argyle for Boston; one man was saved.

Launceston. Jan. 26—American ship Mary Taylor, from Talcahuano, with flour, for either Sydney or Melbourne, sprung a leak, and had to be run on shore on Eaod, the most southern of the Friendly group, where ship and cargo were sold for £100.

Ship Helen Augusta, of Newport, was set on fire by some of the crew while lying at Monganui, N. Z. Feb. 15th, and burned to the water's edge.

Schr. Emerald has been lost in the Caribbean Sea; no particulars. The captain and three seamen have arrived at Baltimore in barque Gallego, from St. Thomas.

Key West, May 8.—Ship Mariner, of which hopes have been entertained of her being raised and saved, has bilged, and will now be broken up and burned for her copper and iron.

Schr. Westcogus, from Darien for New York, was fallen in with dismantled, 28th March, by barque A. G. Hill, at Boston, which laid by her until 30th; it blowing a gale, with heavy weather, when they succeeded in taking off Capt. Wass, and crew, and one passenger, and carried them to Boston.

Schr. Martha Burgess, hence for Martinique, was fallen in with dismantled, 26th March, by barque Aurelia, which took off captain and crew, (five in number) and carried them to Boston.

Texel, March 22.—Dutch ship Abraham, arrived to-day from Maracaibo, brought in here the crew, consisting of 11 persons, of the Am. ship Archimedes, Mann, from Shields for Boston; was fallen in with, waterlogged and with loss of rudder, on 25th Feb.

Liverpool, March 29—The Oneco, from Liverpool for Calcutta, was abandoned Dec. 1, off St. Paul's Island; crew taken off by the James Allen, Whaler, of New Bedford, and landed at Freemantle Dec. 21.

Dutch barque Maria Magdalena, at this port from Rotterdam, reports: 28th March, fell in with the brig Motto, of Provincetown, Darr, from Darien for Boston, in a sinking condition, took from her the captain and five men, and brought them to this port.

Br. Schr. Fanny Maria, from Port-au Prince for Boston, with 188,000 lb. logwood, and 72 bags coffee, went ashore on the reef at Marthown Inagua, night of 13th March.

Br. ship Boomerang Crow, from Mobile, Feb. 26, for Liverpool, was fallen in with 31st March, by barque John Gardner, at Boston. She was abandoned and nearly on her beam

ends, with fore and main masts gone by the deck.

Ship Sentinel, from Boston for New Orleans, went ashore 4th April, at 4 A. M., about 35 miles to the East of the Hole in the Wall. Capt. Soule, who, with his crew, arrived at Nassau, 6th inst., in wrecking vessels, states that she bilged, and is full of water; he thinks she cannot be got off, and should strip her, and forward all to Nassau.

Barque Emily, hence at Marseilles 30th ult., experienced bad weather, on the passage, and had to throw part of cargo overboard.

Brig Gen. Wilson, hence for Apalachicola, went ashore at Berry Islands, 2d April, and immediately bilged and filled.

Brig S. B. Hill of Yarmouth, with lumber from Bucks Mills, on the Wacamaw, was destroyed by fire 17th April, in Winagh Bay; no particulars.

Brig Clement, of Boston, ashore on Narragansett Beach, in consequence of the S. E. storm of 4th April, is breaking up.

Falmouth, March 29.—The Cambria, from New Orleans, on the 18th March, fell in with the barque Clansman, of Glasgow, from Savannah for Greenock, a wreck, and in a sinking condition, having been struck by a heavy sea on the 14th April, which carried away all her port bulwarks and stanchions, and started the whole ship, causing her to make so much water as to keep the pumps constantly going. As soon as Capt. Perry ascertained her condition, hove to under her lee, and sending the life boat, succeeded in getting her crew (14 in number,) safe on board, although in a very exhausted state.

Br. Brig Matillo, from St. John, N. B. for Norfolk, was fallen in with 10th April, in a leaky condition, by whaling barque Slon, at Westport. The M. when 5 days out experienced heavy gales and carried away foremast, bowsprit, and had stern knocked away. The S. took off her officers and crew, (6 in number,) who were nearly exhausted, having been on the wreck 28 days, and were but just able to keep her free with the pumps.

Br. barque Queen Victoria, from Savannah, 14th March, for Bristol, E was passed waterlogged, rudder gone, &c., and abandoned, 2d April.

Schr. Nancy Plaited, from Georgetown, S. C. 4th April, for Boston, with naval stores, experienced continual heavy N. E. gales, threw over deck load, and sprung a leak; on the 10th, at 10 P. M. struck on the beach about 20 miles North of Cape Lookout; she is bilged, and keel supposed to be out; will be a total loss.

Barque Mary Varney, (of New York,) from Norfolk for Guadaloupe, was fallen in with a complete wreck 9th April, by barque Gallego, at Baltimore. The M. V.'s masts, houses and decks were swept fore and aft, and the sea was breaking over her. Capt. Perkins, two officers, the steward and four seamen, all in a feeble state, were taken off by the Gallego, having been without food or shelter for nearly five days.

Ship Empire City, at this port from Liverpool, reports: 3d April, fell in with ship Eudocia, of St. John, N. B. from Liverpool for St. John, N. B., with rudder gone, stern post started, fore yard broken, and leaking badly; had thrown overboard large quantities of cargo. Took off the crew and passengers, in all 60, including 8 cabin.

Br. Barque Queen Victoria, from Savannah for Bristol, was fallen in with 30th March, by ship Squando, and captain and crew taken off and arrived at New Orleans 24th April.

Brig Cape Fear, hence about Jan. 1, for Trinidad, was wrecked on Mayaguana on the 15th of January.

Schr. Elizabeth A. Diverly, Hagen, from Philadelphia, for Lynn, was thrown on her beam ends in the gale of 21st April, off Montauk. The crew were taken off by schr. Silas Wright, Glidden, from Darien, and carried to Boston. The E. A. D. sunk at half-past 6 P. M. half an hour after the crew abandoned her.

Barque Lowell, from New Orleans, was wrecked 24th April, whilst getting out of that port. She had been to San Juan, and was on her way to Aspinwall. The vessel was well stripped, but is a total loss.

Schr. Adelaide, Jameson, from Norfolk for Rum Cay, was upset in a gale of wind, 6th April, and had to cut away her main-mast, and on the 14th, she was cast ashore on the Island of San Salvador, being unable to keep off in her crippled state, and was a total loss.

Barque Lucinda, lost on the Chandelers, left Mananzas 24th April, and went ashore morning of 29th, at half-past 10 o'clock, during a thick haze, and a heavy sea running at the time from the eastward.

Liverpool, April 6—The Thessaly, from New Orleans for this port, was fallen in with March 17, about 500 miles west of Cape Clear, with loss of rudder, and leaky, and the crew taken off by the Northland, Flitner, arrived here. The Thessaly is a Br. vessel, and sailed from New Orleans Feb. 3.

Charles Dennis, Esq. Vice President of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co., states that the schr. F. W. Johnston, from Wilmington, N. C. bound to New York, struck an anchor on the Bar, near the Swash, 28th April, and was sunk. The vessel is a total loss.

Havre, April 28—Am. ship Heidelberg, arrived here from New Orleans, has on board the captain and crew of the American schr. Nantucket, Boardman, from Darien, March 21st.

Br. Schr. Fair Hibernian, from Burgeo, N. F., for Boston, with cod-fish and herrings, struck a rock at Gabards Point, night of 25th April, and the crew to save their lives, left in the boat.

Ship Atlas, at this port from Antwerp, reports: April 23, at daylight, made two sail ahead, and at 5 40 spoke them. They proved to be the brig Randolph, of Glasgow, from Cardenas for Glasgow, sugar loaded and in a sinking condition, and the barque Port Glasgow lying by her, taking off her crew. Capt. Martin of the Randolph, requested to be taken on board of the Atlas, as they had not been well treated on board the barque. Capt. McKay consented, and brought Capt. M. and crew (thirteen in num-

ber, into this port. At 11 45 of the same day, the brig went down.

Fr. ship Chateau Palmer, in leaving San Francisco, about the 28th April, for Callao, when between the Heads and Fort Point, missed her stays and dragged ashore about 500 yards west of Fort Point. The wind blowing fresh from W. N. W. at the time, with a heavy sea running, she struck heavily.

Ship Adam Lemont, which sailed from Bath last January for New Orleans, and put into Nassau in distress, and sailed again on the 16th April for her destination, on the 20th struck on the rocks near Cruz del Padre, and soon bilged.

Br brig Argo, from New York for St. Johns, N. F., with provisions, was totally lost on the 20th April.

Barque Miquelon, at this port from Rio Janerio, reports: 6th May fell in with barque Adele of New York. Mellen, from Savana-la-Mar for Amsterdam, in a sinking condition; took from her the captain, mates and nine seamen, and the captain's wife, and brought them to this port.

Br. barque Harriet Cann, Cann, at Boston, from Glasgow, on 27th May, in a gale from S. to W. shipped a sea, which swept house from deck shifted cargo, and washed two seamen overboard.

Ship Racer, of New York, bound to this city from Liverpool, was lost on Arklow Banks, coast of Ireland, about 5th May.

Schr. Vandalia, Harriman, from Frankfort for Boston was fallen in with 31st May, 6 A. M., in a sinking condition by Br. schr. Active at Boston from Pubnico, which took off the captain and crew of three men, and brought them to Boston.

Ship Peterhoff, Peabody, from Charleston 13th May for Havana, in ballast, was wrecked on Stranger's Cay, Abacco, at 10 A. M. on the 17th Vessel has been stripped and abandoned.

Schr. Emerald, from Rockland, in coming up the harbor 22d May, struck on the rocks off the beacon and immediately filled and sunk.

New York, July, 1856.

Associate Secretary.

The senior Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society, having been deprived the privilege of preaching the Gospel in connection with presenting the claims of seamen, by the failure of his voice, the Board of Trustees has recently appointed the Rev. Israel P. Warren, of Conn. Associate Secretary. Mr. Warren has accepted the appointment, and entered heartily upon the discharge of his duties. His associations with the sea and its men are such, as not only to awaken his deepest sympathies, but to prompt his best energies in this good work. He is heartily commended to the full confidence and cordial co-operation of seamen and their friends.

The Ship Hope and her Boys.

In February, '54 the Ship Hope, Capt. N. Briggs, sailed from New York with a crew of 20, half of whom were boys or young men. We then expressed such *hope* in respect to them as we have rarely felt. They were under the counsel and influence of a Christian Master, and accomplished

seaman. In the following April No. of the Sailor's Magazine we expressed the belief that Capt. Briggs in taking so many young men had adopted the right way to furnish seamen for the merchant service. And now, what are some of the results. The first was that on arriving at San Francisco, while the old sailors according to a foolish custom left, every one of the boys remained in the ship. And now before three years have elapsed, all but one have become officers, and that one gone up the Straits, will probably return second Mate. Let us have more such examples in taking promising boys, under auspices favorable to their manly developement, and the service will be proportionately honored and rewarded.

Havre Chaplaincy.

"Bent on such glorious toils
The world to him was loss;
Yet all his trophies—all his toils
He hung upon the Cross."

MY DEAR SIR:

Do not think for a moment that I have lost sight of the subject of my last communication. My heart is still burdened with it—the theme is fruitful and fruitful—but my labors here

have become so multiform and extended, so consuming to time and strength, that I can make no calculation of a single quiet hour, in advance. I seize my pen at this moment with more than usual confidence, because the Watchman's mid-night cry assures me *that "all is well"*, of course, I am included, and if the whole city can *sleep* in peace, why may I not hope to *write* in peace? I will try.

In the most difficult fields of labor, and amid the darkest hours, when discouragements thicken, and faith begins to waver, our covenant-keeping God often rebukes our unbelief, and revives our drooping spirits, by some sudden manifestation of his love and power to save. For months I had been laboring hard and spending much of my time and strength at the Hospital, among the maimed, the sick, and the dying; as numbers would increase, I would increase my visits. I tried to be faithful, as one who must give an account. In my instructions and in the distribution of tracts, I aimed to adapt them to the variety of character and conditions of mind—pointing the dying to the Lamb of God, the thoughtless and the hardened to the thunder of the divine law, as a school-master; and the unclean and polluted, to that fountain opened in the house of David, for the cleansing of all sin—but with all the preaching, praying, and the reading of Bibles and tracts, I have often to leave those halls of misery and wailing with a sad heart, exclaiming with the prophet, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" To be sure they would all listen respectfully, some with apparent feeling and tearful eyes, but there was wanting that deep contrition of soul, that Godly sorrow of sin, that loathing of self, which are

so manifestly the fruits of the Holy Spirit—and what was still more painful, I noticed in many cases as they became convalescent, they became less docile and less susceptible to religious impressions; or, in other words, the brighter the prospects of restoration to health, the weaker became the power of truth upon their hearts and consciences—and then, as soon as they are out, like birds of passage, they are off beyond our reach. O, what faith, and patience, and long-suffering are necessary to labor in such a field, and among such a people! Nevertheless, while we are casting forth seed, to be scattered beside all waters, our Heavenly Father, the Great husbandman, permits it sometimes to germinate under our own eye, that our faith may not fail.

FAITH STRENGTHENED BY SIGHT.

The following is an instance of this kind; it came upon me like an electric spark, or, one of those scintillations that sometimes dart athwart your path, from the darkest cloud, shedding light, and inspiring hope amid the surrounding gloom.

In one of my strolls among the ships, a few days since, at flood tide, just as they were opening the gates, for the egress of such vessels as were outward bound and ready for sea, and just as I had stepped from a ship upon the wharf, an old sailor dropped his bundle of clothes, and seizing me with both hands, burst into tears, exclaiming, "O, how glad I am to meet you, I was afraid I should never see you again, for my ship is just going out; I've not a moment to spare, but I must tell you what the Lord has done for my soul since I saw you, and to beg you to continue your visits to the Hospital. You don't know how many will bless you." Perceiving that I did not readily bring him to my mind, he con-

tinued—"Why, dont you know me? Dont you remember how you talked to me about my wicked ways, and gave me the two tracts—one to warn me against the spirit that kills the body; and the other, begging me to receive the Spirit that saves the soul!—and oh, the Lord has blessed them both to me. I have dashed the one for ever from my lips, and have opened my heart to the other. Yes, and he has entered, and he dwells there, and works there, to will and to do his good pleasure. Yes, I feel him working in me now. For twenty years I have been a curse to my family, now I am going home to bless them—But my ship is moving, I must run, good bye, God bless you, dont forget the Hospital."—I returned home, sending up the ejaculatory prayer "Lord I would believe, help thou my unbelief," and resolving to be more frequent and faithful in my visits to the Hospital.

A MOTHER'S HEART GLAD.

Another little incident, which has made one mother's heart glad, and may perhaps cheer others in like circumstances, increase their hope and trust in God, and incite them to more earnest prayers for their absent sons, and for those who are laboring to save them.

On my last visit to the Hospital before leaving for England, I espied a young lad, some 13 or 14 years of age, seated beside the couch of a sick Sailor. I at first took him to be a waiting boy of the establishment, and addressed him in French: perceiving he did not understand me, and discovering at the same time his right hand bound up, I said to him, "you are not a patient here, are you?" "Yes Sir." "What, and a Sailor too?" "Yes Sir." Looking him steadily in the eye for some seconds, I said to him, "You ran away from your mother, did you

not?" His head dropped as though a bullet had passed through it; soon tears began to flow upon his bandaged hand, as it lay upon his breast, and then came the answer eking out slowly "Yes Sir, I did." "What is your name?" "Hugh Thomas, Sir." "Where does your mother live?" "In Scotland, Sir." "What part of Scotland?" "Edinburgh, Sir." "Does your mother know where you are?" "No, Sir." "Well, I am going to England to-morrow, and may go to Edinburgh, are you willing to give me your mother's name and address, and have me call on her?" "Yes, Sir my mother's name is Mary Reed Thomas, lives at No. 1 Market place." Entering this in my memorandum book, and after a few words of wholesome advice to the lad, and a parting address to those whom I no more expected to see this side the grave, I left the Hospital, returned home, packed my trunk, and at eleven o'clock that night, was on my way to London, and in some two weeks after, I was threading my way through the narrow lanes and alleys of Edinburgh in search of "*No. 1 Market Place.*" That number was at last found, but those acquainted with the old parts of Edinburgh know full well, that there is a very wide difference between the horizontal No. 1, and the perpendicular No. 10. Courage and strength are often equal to the attainment of the first, and then utterly fail in reaching the last. I cast one despairing look up those interminable spiral stairs; I thought of Bunker Hill Monument; I thought of steam power and almost all kinds of power, but none coming to my relief, I commenced slowly the formidable ascent, and soon found the object of my pursuit, the mother of Hugh Thomas, with her thirteenth living child in her arms. I was almost

ready to forgive poor Thomas. The moment I announced my name, and where I was from, she gave a shriek and then found relief in a flood of tears. At first I was at a loss to understand this, for as yet I had not mentioned her son's name, but as soon as she was able to speak, she revealed the secret, by saying "my poor boy, as soon as you left the hospital, though unable to write himself, on account of his injured hand, procured the assistance of another sailor, and informed me of your expected visit, and of the good advice you gave him, and his resolution to follow it: and O how thankful I am that the Lord directed you to my dear child: I don't think he would have had the courage to let us know where he was if you had not found him out, for he says your talking to him did him good, and he means to follow your advice: he is a good boy, and has a kind heart—he knows the Bible well, I am sure he will be a christian, for I pray for him every day." After a few words of consolation, and a short prayer, I took leave of the Christian mother, somewhat inspired with her assurance that her prayers would prevail, and that her dear sailor boy would become a christian. O the power of a mother's love, and when sanctified by religion, how does it strengthen the cords that bind a wayward child to her bleeding heart!

INSTRUCTIVE INCIDENT.

One other incident illustrative of God's especial providence, A few Sabbaths ago, I was unable to fix my mind upon any other subject than that of blind Bartimeus, and the obstacles he met with in coming to the Saviour. To whatever other text I turned, however rich in thought, my mind refused to act, and seemed utterly incapable of bringing any thing new or old out of it—as turns the needle to the pole,

so would my mind revert to the poor blind man, sitting by the way side, in his tattered garments, crying to Jesus for mercy. I went into the pulpit with my soul burdened with the difficulties which sinners meet with in coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, both from the world and from the church, and in specifying them, I held up Bartimeus as an example worthy of imitation; instead of yielding to the difficulties, do as he did, "cry a great deal the more, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me" &c., &c.

On my way home a lady said to me, "did you notice how deeply affected that young man was who sat in the pew near me; how continually he wept; he seemed in great distress, and I think the sermon must have touched his heart." The next day a gentleman said to me, "when you have time to spare, I want to take you and introduce you to a very interesting young man, who wishes to make your acquaintance: his parents are Roman Catholics, and on sending him to London, to acquire a knowledge of the English language, he stepped into a Methodist Chapel one Sabbath, and became deeply interested in the truth, and on writing to his parents on the subject, they became alarmed, and ordered him home, and yesterday, by accident or design, he stumbled into your Chapel, and was so wrought upon by what he heard, and went home with his heart so set upon being a Christian, that his parents have reluctantly yielded, and said to him this morning, '*Well, if you wilt be a heretic, be a heretic, and take the consequences.*'" After listening to this, I thought I could see the reason why my mind refused to act upon any other subject than one that should portray the difficulties in the way of coming to Jesus; the absolute neces-

sity in the sinner's case of overcoming them, and the equal necessity of his seeking and securing Divine aid to give him the victory.

Truly the Lord worketh in man both to will and to do of his own good pleasure—and happy the man who lieth passive in his hand, and can say at all times. "not my will, but thine, O Lord! be done."

E. N. SAWTELL,
Seamen's Chaplain.

Havre, May 5, 1856.

Letter from Polynesia.

Our Island Home; Hard times; The Volcano; News from the Marquesas, and Sailing of the Mis.ry Schooner; The mother of three Sailors; The death of a Rarotonga Sailor at the U. S. Hospital.

HONOLULU, 4th March, 1856.

It is a mystery to some how it is possible for any one to be contented with life at the Sandwich Islands. The idea of making it their home for life, is more unaccountable still. To be sure we have no railroads, no telegraphic wires, and are far removed from the noise and bustle of the Old and the New World. Yet strange as it may appear to many, a home at the Sandwich Islands, has some of those associations gathered around it which makes not a few feel that here they desire to spend their days, and here to be buried. Those who have spent many years upon the Islands, and go elsewhere to reside, always look back with delight to the period of their residence here. Some who had quit the Island and were resolved to return no more, have found their way back, and feel contented to remain, if they can find the means of a livelihood. It is always pleasant to welcome them back. Among the foreign population there prevails a kindly feeling. The unfortunate always find sympathy. Considering the heterogeneous elements of our limited

community, I am surprised to find so much of mutual kindness and absence of suspicion.

Of late our people have complained of hard times, and there have been a few failures, still it is to be hoped that no serious check will be given to the prosperity of the Islands. It is rather to be hoped the influence will be salutary upon all classes.

The most important topic which now interests the attention of the news-hunting portion of the community, is the volcano in Hawaii. The lava-flow commenced last August, and has not yet ceased to run. The Stream started near the top of Mauna Loa, and has flowed sixty or seventy miles, until within six miles or less of the beautiful village of Hilo.—There have been serious fears it would destroy the town, but the most recent intelligence is of a favorable nature. The progress of the stream has been retarded by a dense forest or jungle. The stream, however, has flowed at a less rapid rate, but still it has moved along with a sure, steady, and resistless step, cutting down huge forest trees, filling up caverns, obstructing water courses, and forcing over precipices. Many have visited the scene of action, and some are now there watching its progress. I conversed with a gentleman recently from Hilo, and he expresses the hope that Hilo will escape, although he is not very confident.

We have recently interesting letters from Marquesas. Our Sandwich Island Missionaries have thus far sustained themselves with much credit, and by no means shown themselves unworthy of the Missionary name.

Our Hawaiian Missionary Society is now fitting out a small schooner to visit the Fenuiva Station, on the Marquesas Islands. It is for the purpose of taking supplies to the Missionaries. The Rev. Lowell Smith, one of the pastors of the Native Churches in Honolulu, will go in the vessel for the purpose of visiting the Station. The Rev. W. Clark, Pastor of the other native church in Honolulu is about visiting the Atlantic States, and partly for the purpose of

superintending the publication of the New Testament in Hawaiian and English, to be published by the Am. Bible Society. Both those Missionaries have long labored at their posts and need relaxation. They are both missionaries of over twenty years standing. May they both be permitted to return in due time to their interesting and important fields of labor.

I have nothing of special interest to write respecting my own labors among seamen. Scarcely a day, however, passes, without my being permitted to do something directly connected with sailors. Answering letters of inquiry respecting long absent sons and brothers, forms no unimportant part of my labors. Every mail brings more or less letters of this description. In some cases I rejoice that I am able to furnish definite information. Some of these letters are very touching.

By the last mail I received a letter from the mother of three wandering sailor sons. Of the *whereabouts* of two she can derive no intelligence. One of them has been at Honolulu in former years. I may not be able to trace them out just now, but next fall shipping season, I hope to make that mother's heart leap for joy. In our new Sailor's Home Reading Room, I have a desk fitted up with writing materials, so that sailors shall have no excuse, if they do not communicate with their friends when they visit Honolulu. *Sometimes I take a sailor and literally compel him to write home.* I make him sit down at my own desk, and then I am certain that, for once, he has discharged a long neglected duty. I have often told sailors there was one offence for which they deserved to be *flogged*, and that was not writing their mothers! They will sometimes admit that I am quite right.

A few days since I attended the funeral of a South-Sea Islander who died at the U. S. Hospital, whose case excited my sympathies most keenly. He belonged, I think, to Rarotonga. As he could not speak a word of English, I was utterly unable to communicate with him, neither

was I able to find an interpreter in Honolulu. He seemed quite sad, and his countenance indicated great depression of spirits. He evidently wished to speak but could not. The only word that I could understand was "JESU," pronounced as all Polynesian are accustomed to speak the sacred name of our Saviour. In speaking the word he took from under his pillow a New Testament, printed in the dialect of the natives of Rarotonga. The volume now lies upon my desk, and appears to have been well read. It was printed in London by the British and Foreign Bible Society. I doubt not the poor Rarotonga sailor, far from his home, and unable to communicate to any person around him, respecting his hope in "Jesu," did enjoy a nearness of access to his Saviour, and has now gone to repose in the Saviour's bosom. His wild look, his gentle voice, his meek deportment and manifest attachment to the New Testament, spoke an intelligible language. They indicated in no unequivocal manner that he had experienced a change of heart and was ripening for a home above.

But I am writing quite too long an epistle for the columns of the Magazine, and I give you full license, Mr. Editor, to clip and erase just so much as in your judgment you think will not be interesting to your readers.

Yours truly,

S. C. D.

Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

The Twenty Eighth Anniversary of this Society was celebrated in the Music Hall, on Wednesday, May 28th, at 11 o'clock, A. M. The President, Alpheus Hardy, Esq., in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Barney, of Providence, which was succeeded by the singing of the hymn, commencing.

"If through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail."

Brief extracts from the Annual Report were now read by Rev. Mr. Hanks, Secretary of the Society. He

referred to the unusual number of wrecks at sea during the remarkable storms the past year. A sailor's life is, on the average, only eleven and a half years. The Boston Sailor's Snug Harbor has just been established at Quincy, for infirm and aged seamen. Several seamen have just been introduced to this asylum of the tempest-tossed mariner. To found the Snug Harbor, the Trustees of the estate of the late Samuel Appleton, Esq. gave \$20,000; Josiah Bradley, Esq., \$10,000; William Ropes, Esq. \$1000; and others, larger or smaller sums than the last. The number of sailors at the Home, in Purchase Street, the last year, have been 2,590, making over 21,000 since it was opened. One dying sailor gave all the little property he had to this Institution. More than 1,000,000 pages of tracts have been distributed among sailors the past year. The receipts for the year have been about \$6,000; and \$3,448, including the amount remitted directly, to the Parent Society, at New York.

Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Secretary of the Parent Society, was now introduced, and made some interesting statements with regard to the operations of the American Society, in South America, France, and other countries. He read a letter from the Rev. Mr. Sawtelle, Chaplain at Havre, whose touching incidents on the success of the Gospel among seamen, drew tears from many eyes. Rev. A. L. Stone, of this city, now addressed the assembly, and commenced by a humorous reference to the copious rain, which he thought came with particular appropriateness this morning. He estimated that there are 140,000 vessels in all waters, and 1,000,000 mariners, one third of the whole belonging to the United States.

Who and what is the sailor? He belongs to a peculiar class. He walks the earth often, but is not of the earth. He has a peculiar dialect, dress, color and manners. As to place, he is generally two thirds of his time upon the ocean wave. In character he is naturally impulsive, and sometimes the scape goat of the school and the fireside. On the other hand, he is generous, noble, bold, heroic. The sail-

or has few moral influences around him in the nature of his pursuits. He is away from the moral influences of home. He is not familiar with those white-winged messengers, tracts. And then there are many influences working against him, landlords and others, like sharks, ready to devour his money and his soul.

We owe to the sailor much. We must pay him for his toil, and we must give him the Gospel, in view of his need of it. The work of saving the sailor, too, is hopeful. He is rarely an atheist, but a thoughtless sinner, who, by Christian effort, may be brought to Christ.

A hymn, by Rev. E. Kellogg, was now sung,

"I was not reared where heaves the swell
Of surf on coast remote and drear,
But grew with roses in a dell,
And waked with bird-notes in mine ears."

John B. Gough, Esq., was next introduced by the President, and made a most thrilling and characteristic speech. He said, he was called to speak on an Anniversary occasion for the first time, and then advanced to depict the noble and generous traits of the sailor. Most persons have conceived of him as one who chews an enormous quantity of tobacco; drinks more rum than any other; and swears incessantly. But if these habits are acquired by many seamen, they do not properly represent their character as a class. He is all the previous speaker had described him. The sailor does not pretend to be a gentleman, or an Honorable; but if he had stood in the Senate House, when Brooks struck down Sumner, he would have rushed between them." [Immense applause.] He proceeded to show the importance of aiming to save the sailor, degraded as he often is. If a fashionable lady, who would dread to come near a badly dressed, and ugly looking seaman, should chance to drop a diamond ring into some muddy water in the street, she would roll up her silken sleeve and thrust her lily hand into that dirty pool, until she was able to find that ring. But man is worth more than a diamond.

Mr. Gough continued by anecdotes, illustrations, and arguments to fill his audience with laughter, and then t

cause the rain of tears to flow down their faces, and next to make them as solemn as the grave, for the space of three-fourths of an hour, while sailors, ministers, laymen, and ladies, all seemed, equally pleased with him, and ready to hear him as long as he was willing to speak and act before them; for his speaking is all action, and one can realize in hearing him the force of Demosthene's rule, that action is the first, second and third characteristic of true eloquence. The only pain in listening to Mr. Gough is the apprehension, that his almost unparalleled efforts are making him look prematurely old, and are wearing him out too rapidly.

We are glad to hear, that he is soon to have a long vacation, from his labor, before he commences his Fall campaign against the tyrant rum, either in Great Britain or America.

The audience, larger than we had seen for the week, except at the Young Men's Christian Association, was dismissed with the benediction by Rev. Dr. Emerson, of Salem.

Puritan Recorder

Acknowledgment.

We take this opportunity to express our thanks to the officers and crews of the Ships Ottawa, Advance, and Alsa for their aid in changing the position of the Bethel Ship, and assistance when the anchor was lost; and to the Captain and Owners of the Steamer Swan, for the use of the Steamer.

Likewise to the Captain of the Ship Sandusky for a donation to the Bethel.

SAMUEL J. PARKER,

Chaplain and Physician.

Bethel Ship, Mobile Bay,

May 1, 1856.

Albany Bethel.

We rejoice to learn, that the Rev. John Miles, after four years' absence from this station, has been called to

take charge of the Boatmen's Bethel in Albany, and has commenced his labors with very encouraging prospects.

We hope soon to hear that the Bethel is again filled from Sabbath to Sabbath with attentive congregations of Boatmen, Watermen and their friends.

Account of Moneys.

From May 15th to June 15th, 1856.

Members for life by the 'payment of Twenty Dollars.

Henry Wilson, by Frst. Pres. Church, Williamsburgh, N. Y.,	30 00
Thomas Brace, by S. School Cong. Soc., West Hartford, Ct.	23 56
Capt. Stephen D. Hadley, by Cong. Soc. Sippiean, Mass. (in part.)	18 00
Edward W. Selden, Farmington, Ct., by Mrs. Prudence Goodman, W. Hartford Ct.	20 00
Rev. Joseph Vinton, by Seam. Fred. Soc., Westbrook, Ct., (balance,)	9 65
Rev. Luther H. Cone, by Third Cong. Soc., Chicopee, Mass.	20 00
Miss Persis Swift, by Cong. Soc. Derby, Ct.,	20 50
Rev. Nathaniel Richardson, by Cong., Soc. Lanesville, Mass., (balance,)	11 00

'Donations.

From First Cong. Soc., Newbury, Vt.	15 00
" Norfolk, Ct., (balance,)	2 00
" First Epis. Met. Ch. Jamaica, L. I.,	12 70
" Peter Allen, S. Hadley Falls, Mass.	15 00
" Cong. Ch. Unionville, Ct.,	9 18
" One Saved from a watery grave, Rotterdam, N. Y.,	1 00

From First Pres. Ch., Green- wich, N. J.	17 00	Worcester, Salem St. Soc'y, Rev. Geo. Bushnell, L. M.	20 19
" Male Benev. Society, Edwards Ch.		Athol, Cong'l Soc'y, to make L. M.	33 00
" Northampton Mass.	45 55	North Amherst, Cong'l Soc'y.	47 60
" Miniature Bethel Church New York,	3 75	West Hampton, to make David Coggin, L. M. (in part.)	13 33
" Pres. Ch. South 3rd st. Williamsburg, N. Y.	81 19	West Newbury, Cong'l Soc'y Rev. Davis Foster, L. M. (B)	30 68
" First Pres. Ch. Newark, N. J.	99 05	Chester, N. H.,	13 75
" Third " " "	83 60	North Hadley, S. School to make Francis Smith, L. M.	25 87
" Second Congl. Society, Waterbury, Ct.	22 92	do. Contribution.	10 13
" First Congl. Society, Milford Ct.	23 50	Ashburnham Cong'l Society, to make Rev. E. G. Little L. M., and Francis J. Fair- banks, L. M. (in part)	31 68
" Wolcott, Ct.	5 00	Templeton Trinitarian Soc'y	18 00
" Salem, Va.	1 00	Orange Cong'l Soc'y, Rev. David Peck, L. M. (B)	30 00
" First Church Falmouth, Me.	6 00	Franklin, Estate of Miss Sylvia Ware, Levi F. Morse, L. M.	25 00
" First Bapt. Church Con- cord, N. H.	37 26	Longmeadow, C. W. Gold- thwait.	4 00
" First Congl. Ch. Con- cord, N. H.	11 03	Enfield Cong'l Soc'y,	100 00
" South Congl. Ch. Con- cord, N. H.	40 40	Reading, Bethesda Church, (add)	8 00
" Congl. Society, Castle- ton. Vt.	44 73	Northboro, a member of the Evangelical Cong'l Church Anna E. Davis, L. M. (B)	20 00
" Rev. Ezra Adams, Gil- sum, N. H.	2 00	Hubbardston, Con. Soc., Rev. C. W. Allen, L. M. (B)	20 00
" Camden, Me.	7 65	Lowell, High St. Ch. in full, to make Rev. O. S. Land- fear L. M. (A)	4 00
" Reverend D. Thurston, Searsport, Me.	2 00	West Stafford, Ct., Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, L. M. in part,	6 00
" Individuals,	4 11	West Springfield, Con. Soc., (additional)	5 50
	<hr/>	New Alstead, Ch. and Soc.,	7 00
	\$735 33	New Marlboro', Trin'n Soc.,	11 66
		West Amesbury, to make Rev. Albert Paine, and Mr. Edmond Sargent, L. Ms., (A)	46 50
		Harrisville, Ch. and Soc.,	2 50
		Marlboro, Con. Soc., Dea. W. Stetson, L. M. (A)	33 00
		Warren, Con. Soc.,	15 00
		West Brookfield,	10 74
		Townsend, Vt. Evan. Con. Soc.,	10 00
		Meriden, Ct., A. C. Brecken- ridge,	2 00
		An Englishman,	1 00

Sailors Home, N. Y.

Ladies Seamen's Friend Society,
Concord, N. H.—17 pair Pillow-
cases, 13 Sheets, 5 Handkerchiefs, 3
Flannel Shirts, 2 Quilts.

Ladies North Congregational Ch.
Woodbury, Ct. 2 Quilts, 1 Blanket
11 Sheets, 15 Pillow-cases, 13 Tow-
els, 6 Shirts, 2 pair of Pants, value
\$23 75.

Ladies Benev. Society, Mystic
Bridge, Ct.—1 Quilt, 2 Flannel
Shirts.

Boston Seamen's Friend Society.

Gardner, 1st Cong'l Society,
Mrs. E. F. Paine, L. M. (B) 26 00
Gardner, 2d Cong'l Soc'y. 14 00
Granby, Co g'l Soc'y, Rev.
Henry Mills, L. M. (B) 31 19